

Save the Little Girl, Fear the Lion

I wish this was my suicide note
But my sword would not break
Now come look at my heart, my body, my pocket
They are all broke

I was born a lion, I regret nothing more
A lion in a woman's body is a slow death
A body beaten, sold, then self-destruction was par for the course

Once, there was a little girl
She dreamt about the land where girls become rock stars
The little girl fought bravely
The little girl went so far
In the land of the free, she was promised a break
In the land of the free, she was once again a slave
Religion replaced by another
Men as monstrous as her brother
Oh, she tried to become another
But the lion is too true to herself

Which is it?

The power of men, or the power of fragile humanity?

It does not matter anymore

The suffering is now with her for eternity

A little girl believed in a God once

She asked him to make her a boy

But he never had mercy on her soul with a response

A little girl tore the love of God from her heart

Replaced it with the love of a land

At least there is potential if you work hard

To afford a ticket on the boat

A little girl even got a cat

She named her hope

But hard work does not guarantee

Your safety, your sanity, your progress, nor your dignity

Take her back to her mother

Take her back to the myth of the Amazonians

A little girl stutters

Yet she yells:

I want a hug, not your business

But now is too late

An adult shows no forgiveness

I am the little girl who wants to lose hope
Save me! Come take this sword from my hand
I fear my own heart is the only thing I shall ever poke

I am sorry I am poor
I am sorry I am a woman
Can I please exit the battlefield now?
Do not forget: Even a lion gets tired of being a woman

To the land to which I devoted my broken soul
I fear I regret loving you
Please, do not think of me less
For it was you!
You would not love me back

But wait...
I am a lion!
Yet I have no courage to let go
Is it cowardness?
Or is it my undying, invincible, lioness soul

Meriem LeClair